

CHARNEL HOUSE

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House

Christos Beest
(Order of Nine Angles)



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SANGUIS AC GENUS

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I

Warning: Those who read and in reading understand and in understanding seek practice of all related, risk sonity and life should they fail in completion: should they fail in fully opening the Gate. For those who succeed awaits the splendour of the stars: awaits the magnificent jewelled splendour of Sirius itself; awaits the endless starry vistas beyond the Silver Gate which sing within the fluted musick of eternity.

* * *

The gate is the dream and the key is will wherein the dream be moulded. As Sirius rises on a darkened day, seen from shrouded rock rising above land girdled in silence of woods, so must rise the silent chant in the mind of those

watching, bringing thus the beginning of a dream lingering upon silence of star strewn space. In the dream yet laid atop the rock give call that it may be heard in swaying trees around: give call to Elders once walking upon Earth that they may hear and in hearing send as winds and storm greetings thus will all harken and enter fully dreams. Then will the Hall be seen and understood and gone beyond if will is within. Beyond is the Silver Gate of Time which men in vain have sought, leading to knowledge Eternal in Primaeval and perfect power.

This is the sign of the forgotten realms of dreams....  ...atop Gate.

* * *

He came into the land of icy breath and still woods where sounds of night echoed through chasms of life and fell stilling into depths of death. He of wisdom came unto them: them of Sol and them of Mercurius. And he of the Elders

talked and taught and told of wondrous things that awed them, of grace and strength and fearsome image they be of Sol: they who listened and did not laugh. And he of Wisdom gave unto them the mysteries of the Get: mysteries of the sign and nine angles: gave to guard and teach that they may be used by those who feared not the dream and understood all.

And he of Elders was gone: but a memory lived and yet forgotten. And they of the sign taught and guarded; forever were the secrets known by them that held the key. Time passed and oft did enter forms changed; gods died and yet were reborn again in cycles that was Time. Altars crumbled to dust yet glinted still in light of midnight Sol. All but few forgot the One of Wisdom who did teach. And they of the few taught amid much Silence: hidden they be from others knowing not understanding beyond the Gate and having not the sign. They of the few taught many mysteries of the Gate to those like them of wisdom and understanding and troth proved by hardship and many trials. And as their deeds became Fire, so was the Gate

opened ready for return of Elders coming again at end of Time. Yet end that was ever as a new beginning.

* * *

In the call heed that through the Angles They will come, the Angles that are but the corners of the meeting of the planes, planes wherein Time be stilled and being stilled is known (Heed also the glowing crystal which lies at conjoining of keys giving thus nine angles, for within are all of Them who can come and much of madness to all having not the Sign). He who by the call reaches unto the jewelled splendour of Sirius must heed that they may be vanquished by the Elders - yet seldom will Elders listen to the madness and cries coming from those reckless who have brought Them: for Elders heed not folly of man; only at end of Time will they come again and banish Them reaching unto men through the Angles. Understand that only those of the sign and great will can bring Them to do their bidding: and only at the times that those of understanding do know.

II

Of a sudden was Dionysius brought to the Hall of the Hounds wherein all had dwelt before him time eternal. And of a sudden did he feel himself in the grip of an irresistible force as in a vortex. Guiborg was the key.

Before him was the Hall of Immensity framed in brilliant light and scenes the like of which is impossible to recall.

And were many and great things revealed to him in that place.. To The Hall became as a juxtaposition of dimensions and times - as if the trapezohedron had collapsed in upon itself in Chaos.. And yet, all was order as the skull was seen above the lights which blazened upon the Darkness of the multi-coloured space wherein existed Them whom were sought.

And was the key understood and known. The Key of the Nine Angles and the trapezohedron. Thus was Dionysius moved to recall the vision of all that had passed by the Spirit of the Nameless Ones who were sought.

For they exist in those Angles which are unknown to all and those times which cannot be perceived. And as their world is without form so can they be known by he who has the key to the vortex of power.

They remain silent waiting for us to call and begin again a new cycle - for their slumber is deep and sound as time itself. Yet ever do they wait. Beyond time, beyond form. For form and being they have not to our eyes which see through the strictures of infinity and chaos - they are formless and forever, the ones who lurk at the threshold of existence preening their wings and eyes and sounds which they send forth to all who have ears to hear and minds to know.

And they wait and reside in the space between worlds, the space that is the corner of the meeting of dimensions.

They are the destroyers and the bringers of all. The Bornless forever who wait for our call. The ones who come lurking and stand on our step, little we know it as we search after death. Soon will they come to collect that Blood which is required by them, as a tribute to the prophet of KHEM.

To understand them is to pass that Abyss beyond which the man ceases to be. The Abyss which is but a reflection of the power of of the tetrahedron and the trapezohedron.

Such are the words and such are the keys for those that understand their nature:

Let all be revealed to those that have knowledge and understanding, but ever dissuade the ones of laughter and mirth and time, for they are but the tools of the Others which exist beyond time.

Know that the key and the works
thereon and study the means to power.
For that power is in the Abyss in which I
dwelt before Eternity. Know thou the
means of time and be ever wise to the
profanities of those who seek to destroy
thee. I am come and guide thee in thy
course but ever prove My allegiance and
My hand is worthy of thine. Treat me not
as a Master but as a guide for I am come
to give guidance and help to those that
are Mine. To them that oppose My will I
cast into darkness of death and despair
and pain. Teach thou My will to all that
seek and yet ever appear as the ones of
evil for it is that which I am, yet am
not. Herein are the great mysteries -
Babalon is written as the sign of the
gate.

Call to the Ones above the limits of
time and they will come and help thee in
thy struggle. Struggle they heed, for
struggle is Me and My kin and produces
greatness and strength. test always thy
courage and strength and never be
slothful for I reward those of insight
and ruthless endeavour and punish all who
remain unmoved by the thought of
greatness.

My law is Blood and My task is
great. For the Evil of Choos is wonder
untold. Learn thou this - as the
mysteries are black to the blind.

Within My Temple give call to Me
and them which will aid thee by the deeds
of them who have fallen that it may aid
thee and thy followers to seek all that
is of My Aeon. Give praise to them and
to Me as thou wilt but ever remember
that in return I bid all who follow me to
be as the one who is the key of the hall.
For he served Me well yet understood Me
not. He was as a slave to the Master but
thee and thine shall be as kin.

The Angles of the Nine are the key
to all mysteries which thou seek. Use
thou the sigil of the one known as
Atazoth for it is as 8 and 9 conjoined
and easy to find.

This is the word of the Aeon which
is known and yet is hidden. Hear thou the
words of the Great One and learn them.
Herein are the great secrets which thou
must learn and understand: nineteen is
the two which is also the three. The

silver jewel stands before the Hall of Time and in that Hall dwells all who are of Me. The call to Me is best when the moon is full and the red of her who thou seekest is resplendent in the jewels of time. All is of Me for I am the splendour of the night which men have craved for all time. I am of the boundless delight and in me is ecstasy supreme. Here are the Golden Keys to the Gate of the Abyss; use them well....

Form thou the Trapezohedron and the Tetrahedron into a thing of shape and upon this vibrate the nome of the One of the Abyss in gold. Find thou that this has but nine angles and planes wherein all dwell. Use thou this with the call of the Rite which is known and All will come.

The blue sky is above and shields the dark ones who are the essence of the black that is me. This is my world and I the splendours of life which thou must know. Learn thou the manifold secrets of the Abyss that these may be taught to those that know not what they mean.

To all who are of me is given the task of time and the tools of the future. For build they must and never cease from toil. This is the meaning of the manifold mysteries of the Aeon wherein the child has dwelt. That child must grow and learn and become as time itself.

Come into the land of the Blood for this is the reward I seek. From the red of the dusk comes things of evil and dark which are mine. This is the gain which I seek AND WILL HAVE. For it can be no other way. The mysteries of Babalon are great and are given unto thee for LASH TAL is the beginning of the answer which thou seekest for 514. Use supplication to destroy all who oppose thee and ever remember that the power of 13 is Mine and the gold of the universe.

The Aeon will come and bring the Red which I seek and which is 5 and 11 and those beyond. To those of 11 are all things given. But ever see that 418 is never 13.

III

Her dream was a cone of black light, a vortex that contained the shape changing -a longing, from a vast space; stars of ice. For a while she was caught with them in a Black turbulence yet silent, a distorted Autumn but ever pulled, disembodied by the grey serpent. The exquisite sadness grew and she found within the vortex a forest of tears, wavering, shifting. From here, like congealed air, stepped a naked man. The glinting blue of his face looked into her sleeping eyes and found far within, the blackness that was of him, that was of Them. Autumn blew the glittering tears across their face when arms were linked to form the angle that gave the key. In what passed between them a music formed, discordant but rising together. Eyes wake and stir and flow. His muscled silence withdrew and the sleeper, approached by a woman, became a child. the woman stared through strange water, one eye a dark hollow; behind the

appearance the essence shattered and
bled, red birds overhead. All led towards
and backwards to Chaos, this the sleeper
understood - but the essence seemed only
an intuitive glimpse. The lips touched and
once more the silence.

* * *

A Black lily opens dropping its
blood into the Fool's mouth. He wakes in
a dark, red room. For a while the room
seems bare, a single window reveals a
purple sky. The room begins to move,
silent, dense, turgid, each gap filling
thickly. The red shifts: an intimation of
a crucified man. He writhes in front of
the window, the heavy warmth of the room
now allowing him to ooze freely. the dark
slides, almost mockingly, over his dewed
nakedness; feminine breath and hands.
There is a woman in black - her white
face does not reflect the red. She places
a blade within a chalice; the crown of
thorns has fallen from the head of the
opfer, and small white flowers grow from
the tips, tendril across the floor in all

directions. The Fool is aroused by the
faint scent of oak and musk: this is
taken in and possesses each with a swift
violence. metal squealing tight.....

Suffering is split: in its side the
woman slips the blade and widens the eye.
The shadows of animals in fight stain the
walls - in frenzy she stimulates the flow
of blood with her tongue. Clouds, heavy
with victims, circle the room: with each
blow of the knife a black liquid streaks
the walls and glass.

* * *

She wakes as her first blood drops
from the gold.....